



THE CALL OF THE DEEP

LONDON LIFE

Cork Tip Cigarettes

"Most Extraordinary"

By Appointment to His
Royal Highness, The
American Gentleman



10 Cents Here—10 Pence There



The Director Who Almost Lost His Job

SOMEBODY in the directorate of the street railway system having suggested that the practice of letting men bring lighted cigars into surface-cars ought to be stopped, everybody looked grave.

"You will understand, sir," said the president, "that we have already given it as our august opinion that no gentleman will enter a car with a lighted cigar in his hand. The public has been told how this practice shocks us. We've given it out as a rule, though we don't pretend to enforce it."

"But," protested the protesting director, "there are mighty few gentlemen nowadays riding in cars. Of course, your rule is not enforced by your conductors. They constantly let by them whole processions of men with lighted cigars because they are either too busy making change or because they are too cowardly to insist upon the rule."

At this the faces of the rest of the directors blanched with anger.

"Do you realize," said the president hoarsely, "that you are out of order, sir? Why, to enforce this rule and make all our women passengers comfortable—to stop this offensive practice—would cost us money! Money! It might have even a fractional effect upon our dividends—although I am bound to confess, between you and me, that we are

getting so much in the way of fares, this is only a remote possibility."

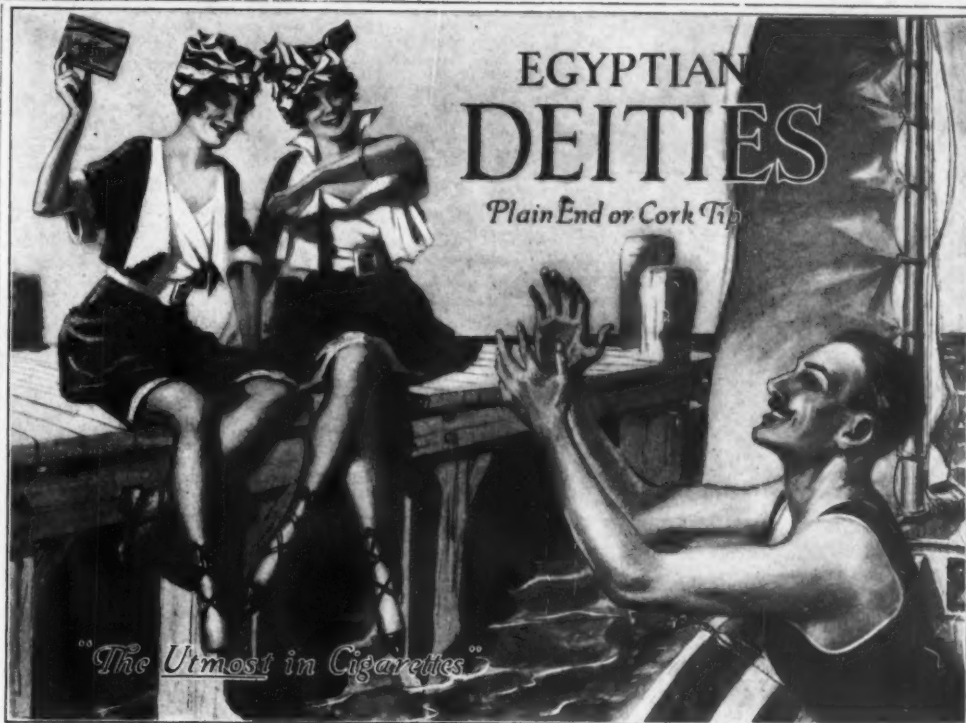
At this statement the face of the protesting director likewise blanched.

"Forgive me!" he muttered. "I was actuated by sentiment. I thought the lighted-cigar-in-surface-cars practice might be stopped by moral efforts. But if it is going to cost good money, I withdraw my idea."

"Gentlemen," said the president,

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

Plain End or Cork Tip



"this man is young and sentimental and is evidently under the impression that we are trying to run our system in the interest of the public. Now that he has admitted his error, however, let's give him another chance."

EXAMINING ADMIRAL (to naval candidate): Now mention three great admirals.

CANDIDATE: Drake, Nelson and—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't quite catch your name.—Punch.

VANITY FAIR

For August—Now Ready



—there are charming photographs of the highly æsthetical, very poetical style of outdoor dancing now in vogue; with many other pictures of dancing and dancers.

—there are two pages of London actresses; Acton Davies' entertaining reminiscences of the stage; and something about our younger theatrical managers.

—there is an authoritative article about the three America's Cup defenders, the Vanitie, Resolute and Defiance; an article on Norris Williams, the most promising of the younger American tennis players; and another on the winning of the Metropolitan Championship by the newest California whirlwind, R. Lindley Murray.

—then there are sketches of the actors and actresses that lunch at the Knickerbocker, cleverly caricatured by Ethel Plummer; a humorous essay by James Ford; Stephen Leacock at his best; and many other diverting features.

Now on sale at all better-class newsstands



HOUSEMAID'S KNEE



Full Speed Ahead!

Our Honeymoon Express, chronicling the issue of the great Railroad Number of Life, starts next Tuesday noon from all news-stands in the country. Fare 10 cents. All parlor cars. Plenty of coal in the bunkers. Accommodation for two million passengers. Delightful colored scenery. Best advertisements you ever watched from any car window. No stops between stations. Buffet joke counter in every car. Poetry of motion.

Some Coming Numbers:

*Golf
1950
Old-Fashioned
Down-and-Out*

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 56

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

Born 1820

—Still going strong.



Nut: "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT IS A PARADOX?"

Dry Joker: "WHY, 'JOHNNIE WALKER.'"

Nut: "I CAWN'T SEE IT."

Dry Joker: "WELL! YOU CAN POUR OUT WHAT YOU CAN'T PUT IN!"

The reason is because of the wonderful "Johnnie Walker" non-refillable bottle which ensures that you get the same superior quality of Scotch whisky that the distillers put in.

Increased reserves of Red Label are now being put into bond to meet the enormous increased demand anticipated in 1924. Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label Scotch Whisky is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

"This is the best inner tube I ever used. Notice that valve reinforcement."

Double-Cable-Base
Exclusive Federal Tire Construction
FEDERAL Double-Cable-Base construction means a tremendous saving in tire expense.
 This new construction eliminates rim-cutting, side-wall blowouts due to broken fabric just above the rim, tube-pinching, and the danger of tires slipping off their rims.
 The double cables, imbedded in a soft bead-filler in the base of the tire, anchor the tire firmly to the rim, and the soft bead-filler cannot cut and grind into the side-wall as does a hard sharp-pointed bead-filler.
Federal Tires are made in straight wall and quick detachable clincher and regular clincher types. All sizes. Plain and Rugged Treads.

FEDERAL Inner Tubes
 THOUSANDS of experienced motorists are of the same opinion as the man in the picture. They have found high quality and several distinctive points of superiority in Federal Inner Auto Tubes.
 The valve reinforcement on Federal Tubes is a marked improvement. It is *not cemented* to the tube, but *vulcanized integral* with the tube. It cannot work loose, break away and cause a leak.
 Federal Tubes are made of pure para rubber, the finest quality, and built up layer by layer. They are heavy, seamless and *flawless*. They never stretch out of shape.
 Buy inner tubes with as much care as you do casings. Use Federal and get Extra Service.
FEDERAL RUBBER MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities. Dealers everywhere.

Passing of the Bookworm

THERE do not appear to be so many good second-hand book stores as there were. Some of the best ones in New York have gone out of business. It is rare to find a good one in any of the cities of the second and third magnitudes.

A second-hand book store was a place where at one time only first-class books could be obtained. If the dealer, by any chance, had recent books on sale, it was with an apologetic air that they were displayed.

Bookworms of the old generation are going out, if they indeed have not already passed. What has become of them? Are they going to moving pictures, dancing the tango or riding in second-hand motor-cars? God forbid!

Following Fiscalization

THE Man from Mars came upon a well-dressed young fellow of average intelligence who was trying to decipher an editorial in the *New York Observer*.

"Why do you knit your brows so tensely, my good fellow?" inquired the Man from Mars.

"I am trying to make head and tail of this argument for increased rates on the railroads," replied the youth, starting to re-read the editorial from the beginning.

"And is the question so difficult?"

"It must be difficult. Every editorial writer has a different opinion about it, but as none of them seems to know what he's talking about, and as each editorial is more nebulous than the others, the more I read the more confused I become."

"Can you explain to me the result of your investigations thus far?" requested the Man from Mars.

"I can try," responded the young fellow heroically. "As I make it out, the railroads have just passed through a most remarkable and unprecedented period of fiscalization, or high finance, in which great combinations have been made and watered stocks have been scattered about and excessive bond issues have been put out; all entailing exorbitant fixed charges on these great transportation properties. And in order to make these securities salable in the market at a high figure, they adopted the policy of letting the properties run down and of paying out dividends that weren't earned."

"And what is proposed now?" queried the Man from Mars.

"It now seems that they have reached a point where the properties can no longer be neglected without going to rack and ruin altogether, and so the only way the railroads can continue to pay dividends they haven't earned is to get more money from the public in the way of increased rates."

Snug Shirt—Trim Socks

STYLE B SHOWN 50¢
 HOLDS SOCK UP
 HOLDS SHIRT DOWN
 DOESN'T BIND LEGS

STYLE A—FASTENS AROUND LEG, 50¢
 STYLE C—ONE CLASP FOR SOCK, 50¢

"TIGHT GARTERS MUST BE REMOVED"
 Excerpt Amer. Jour. Clinical Medicine, June issue
 Conservative Treatment Varicose
 Ask your dealer for

SHIR GAR
 If he can't supply you, we will.
 SHIRT GARTER CO., Columbia, Tenn.



MIDSUMMER

Imaginary Conversations

"Is this the bookkeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm the head of the firm. I came in to ask you if you would accept an increase in your salary."

"No, sir! I'm getting too much as it is. You could get any number of men to fill my place for half the money."

"But our profits are so great we don't know what to do with them."

"Sorry; but to encourage me in that sort of thing would only result in disaster. Besides, if I got more money my family of nine children might get enough to eat. And if the practice should spread, the whole civic fabric would be upset."

"But I really feel—"

"Go away, sir! I won't listen to you! Discharge me if you must, but raise my salary—never!"

Not a New Principle

THE recent announcement that the success of wireless telephony is now assured, and that we shall soon be able to talk over distances without any visible apparatus, should not necessarily be received with too much elation. Materialistic mediums in many instances only appear to be necessary.

For instance, many of us have long been able to think without brains.



HE BELIEVED IN SIGNS

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$4,035.06
Daisy Horton Lutz.....	1.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	100.00
Wm. O. Morse.....	5.00
B. M. Wagner.....	10.00
Vincent Astor	100.00
J. H. Foster.....	5.00
E. H. R.	5.00
Marjorie Dustin	6.00
In memory of my mother, M. M. F.	5.86
"A Friend"	100.00
Margaret H. Camp.....	5.00
Mrs. Louise F. Prankard.....	10.00
Anonymous	1.00
Mrs. W. E. G. Mitchell.....	10.00
William J. Ryan.....	10.00
W. E. F.	5.00
Mrs. H. L. Daddow.....	5.00
Marguerite D. Burnet.....	10.00
E. L. C.	10.00
Ruth, Kermit, York and Francis	
Fischer	100.00
Mrs. J. A. Swan.....	25.00
"Reading Company"	10.00
From our Host.....	21.25
James J. Fine.....	5.00
H. S. Eaton.....	5.86
Charles A. Munn.....	25.00
Mrs. A. W. Porter.....	2.50
A. B. Pratt.....	25.00
"A Friend"	2.00

\$4,660.53

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Fifty quarts of ice cream from Mrs. Herbert Spencer Greims, Ridgefield, Conn.

Twelve tennis racquets and five dozen balls from Mrs. F. E. Lewis.

Two boxes of clothing and one box of shoes from Mrs. W. S. Rodie, South Orange, N. J.

A package of clothing from Mrs. N. B. Rogers, Danbury, Conn.

A pair of tires from the McGraw Tire & Rubber Co., East Palestine, O.

A Postal from One of Our Guests

Life's Farm, Branchville, Conn.

Dear Mother:

Please send my Uncle at 42 St. Station Tuesday at 7.30 Because I am in a fight. Don't forget to send him at Grand Central Station with some one else.

Yours truly,



THE PASSING OF THE BALL FIELD

Always Their Strong Point

PARKE: I don't know what's coming over Wall Street. Never in my life have I seen things so dull there. No trading at all.

LANE: Well, there's one consolation. There are other lines of business besides Wall Street.

PARKE: And look at 'em. I was interested in oil. Nothing doing in oil. And as for railroads, well—

LANE: Been carrying railroad stocks, eh?

PARKE: Sure! Why not? Aren't they the backbone of the country? One must put one's capital somewhere. Yes, sir, I tell you everything is going to the dogs, and all the fault of the administration—believe me!

LANE: But, my dear man, you can't expect to cure a disease of long standing in a few months. Give the administration time. Besides, has anything more ever been accomplished in—

PARKE (waving his arms wildly):

Don't talk to me. They've made a mess of it.

LANE: Maybe you are prejudiced.

PARKE (looking at him reproachfully): Me prejudiced! Ha! That's my strong point. That's where I feel that I'm right. For if there's one thing on earth I'm strong on it's the unprejudiced standpoint. Yes, sir, I'm broad-minded. Above all things, I believe in looking at this thing from the standpoint of calm reason. Why, every sane man knows that Wilson is a malicious fool and the party now in power is composed of thieves and liars bent on ruining the country. Me prejudiced!

More Parks Needed

OUGHT not our cities to provide more parks for the unemployed? At present the facilities are inadequate.

Sleepers on park benches ought not to be too crowded. This is bad form.



"DEAR ME! I DID NOT THINK IT WAS SUCH A LONG WAY ACROSS, MR. JONES"
"IT WAS INDEED DECEIVING, MISS GRACIE. BUT KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED SO THAT YOU WON'T
GET DIZZY AND WE'LL LAND IN A FEW MINUTES NOW"



ROMANCE

Shall We Have a Holiday in August?

AUGUST is a month without a holiday. It is, as months go, long, hot, exhausting.

Do we want a holiday in August? Are we equal to the great labor of

keeping a holiday in that month? It has been proposed to lift Lincoln's day out of February, where it does nobody any good, and locate it in the first week of August, about midway between July 4th and Labor Day.

Half of this proposal is good. To



St. Peter: NO, MRS. HENPEQUE, YOU CAN'T COME IN—YOUR HUSBAND SAYS IT WOULD BE HELL!

get the Lincoln holiday out of February would be an unmixed benefit.

The other half is bad. August is vacation month and business in town is too short-handed to cope with the congestion of a holiday. In the country it is a busy month, and so it is to builders and contractors. To break the routine of August with a public holiday would be a mistake. Where work is slack in that month people get holidays to suit themselves. Where it is active it needs all the working days the month affords. On the whole, let August alone.

On Good-naturedness

IS good-naturedness increasing?

Vituperation seems to be disappearing in the public press, and horse-pistols are used less than formerly to enforce arguments. But the good-natured man—the man whose face shows by its expression that he is not only content with his lot, but in full sympathy with his fellow-creatures—where is he? When bicycles were largely used, we had the bicycle face; then came the automobile face. Now appears to be a tango face.

Yet among all the faces one sees, how rare is the face of pure good-nature!

- Sacred Birds -



The Eagle is Jupiter's pet;
By Venus and Cupid the Dove
Was chosen, to aid and abet
Their Mission of Peace and of Love.
Minerva relies on the Owl
To advise in a tense situation,
Such as questions on Panama Toll
Or a Mexican Administration;
And Neptune, "the lord of the waves . . ."
Quos ego . . . (as sung by the Muse
Of Virgil) his fowl is the gull
Who listens to lectures on booze;
While to Juno is sacred the bird
That stalks, the supreme illustration
Of Wealth, and (I've known it averred)
Is worshipped by most of the nation!

An Exclusive Trio

SPAIN, Brazil and the United States, alone among the civilized and most of the uncivilized countries, farm out their telephone business to private individuals. All the other countries are so foolish as to think that the chief use of telephones is to make communication easy, while we three—when shall we meet again?—vibrate to the more intelligent notion that the chief use of telephones is to make dividends. Oh well, it's a matter of opinion after all and, even if we are making a mistake, we are paying for it ourselves.

Enough and to Spare

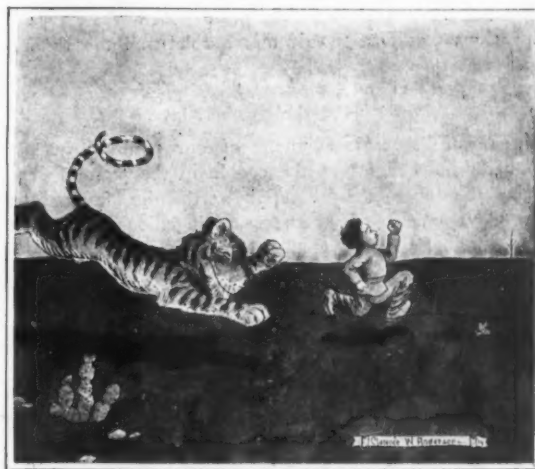
FIRST EDITORIAL WRITER: I've been making a study of this labor-union bill in order to write a leader about it.

SECOND EDITORIAL WRITER: How much do you know?

"Well, I know enough to write about it as if I knew something."

NODD: Were you much excited when your house got on fire?

Todd: I should say I was. There was a moment there when I almost forgot to notify the moving-picture people.



THE OPTIMIST

"WELL, IT MAY BE BIG ENOUGH FOR ME TO CLIMB
BY THE TIME I GET THERE"

Close of the Picture Contest

THE WINNER:

MISS ELBERTHA ACKLEY,
107 Lancaster Street,
ALBANY, N. Y.

By Way of Consolation

WHETHER the gratification of the Albany lady who secures the five hundred dollars equals the disappointment of the 74,657 other contestants who did not win anything but an added interest in life and the consciousness of worthy effort, no one can estimate. Doubtless each and every one of the 74,657 is positive that his or her title was really better than the one chosen. They should all remember, though, that the judges had no selfish interest or prejudice in making the selection, and had to regard the titles from all points of view.

There were quite a number of titles, for instance, which contained something like the idea in the one chosen, but none of them was so concise or felicitous in expression.

Originality also had to be considered, and this militated against those who coincided in choosing fairly obvious expressions or quotations. Among them were the thousands who chose:

It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together.

and various modifications of this couplet and the similar one:

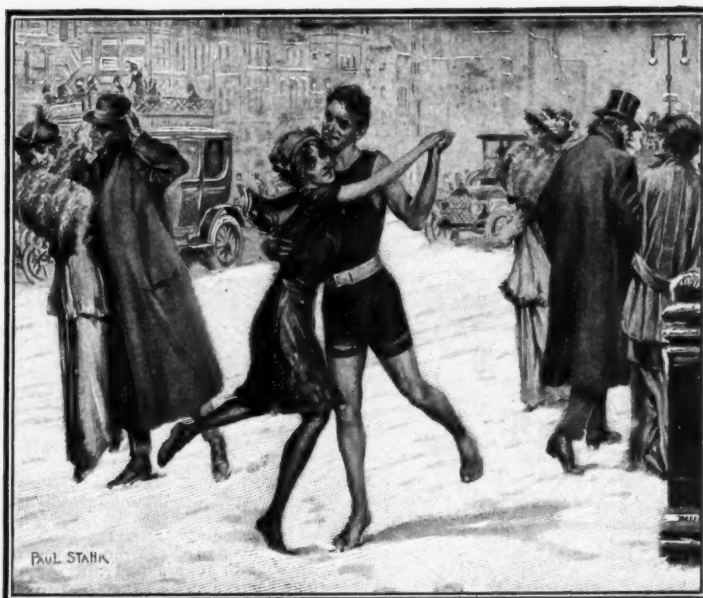
You and I together, love,
Never mind the weather, love.

There were several regiments of our punning friends who, with the belief that the couple in the picture were dancing the tango, the hesitation or the dip, favored us with plays—many of them very ingenious—on these dance titles. Favorites among these were such as:

Men may come and men may go,
But the tangoes on forever.

"They who hesitate are frozen," "They're dippy," and "The beach in summer brings the tan, but winter makes the tan go." "Beach nuts" was also a favorite in this class. Allusions to "chicken", "lobsters" and "little dressing" were also frequent.

Very many of the contestants sought to explain the composition of the picture on the theories that the dancing was being done for the moving pictures, to settle a wager, as an advertisement or press-agent stunt, as a test in



THE WINNING TITLE:

A Joyous Heart Knoweth No Winter

eugenics, an exhibition of Christian Science faith, a scene in a dream, or as part of an initiation test for a secret society.

Popular among familiar allusions were "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed," etc., "O wad some power the giftie gie us," "What a man thinketh, that he is," "Out of season, out of reason," "The time, the place and the girl," "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," "Where there's no sense there's no feeling," "Some are weather wise and some are otherwise," "The greater the fool the better the dancer" and innumerable modifications of these.

Our Yiddish readers were well represented with many repetitions of "Isch ka bibble." Hundreds of photographers agreed that the picture was "A double exposure." Lovers of music of the day were divided between "This Is the Life" and "Too Much Mustard".

Readers of Shakespeare flocked in platoons to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" varied into "Midwinter Night's" and "Midsummer Knight's". By way of quotations from the Bard many of them submitted such excerpts as "Winter's not gone yet if the wild geese fly that way".

Other favorite quotations that the picture suggested to many included: "Love knows neither time, place nor season," "Two souls with but a single thought," etc.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak;
It serves for food and raiment.

Love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies they themselves commit.

There is a pleasure sure in being mad
Which none but madmen know.
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Interests of the day were represented frequently in suggestions that the picture was "psychological" or depicted "Castles in the air". There was quite a consensus of belief that the prominent figures were "A Pair of D—d Fools" and that "All the fools are not dead yet".

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined" or "unre-fined" had many adherents, and there were quite a number of contestants who thought the picture meant "Snow fun" or "It's snow dance".

Of course, any one who suggested such a brilliant title as "Dancing in the Wintertime in Bathing Clothes on Broadway, New York", really thinks he or she should have the prize, but the judges couldn't quite see it that way. There were a number of these, similar and of equal merit.

And then, of course, we had to submit to some caustic criticism, like that embodied in the suggested title, "I consider the picture void of the brilliant points of LIFE as a publication and life as a reality" and "A damp-phool puzzle editor's idea of cleverness". In spite of such unfriendly comment, we believe the contest has given LIFE's readers some amusement, and again LIFE expresses its sense of appreciation for the wide interest that the contest has excited.

Here are several titles that were not frequently duplicated and that received consideration from the judges:

We ants never borrow and never lend. You wasted the summer. Go! Dance winter away.—*Apologies to "Ant and Grasshopper"*.

HE: We're great benefactors.

SHE: Why?

"We've caused thousands to look at life in a hopeful mood."

How ridiculous and what a stranger he is who is surprised at anything which happens in life.—*From Marcus Aurelius*.

Methinks Brother Piety chose

"Abide With Me",

And that these maxixeing bathers

Be his progenie.

A bear movement in the street.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fun.

If sensations were fleas, New York wouldn't even scratch.

Never too cold to learn.

Leading from his short suit.

Old-fashioned remedies—A cold rag.

A frost—the usual result of a free exhibition by American artists.

If this were played upon a stage now, I would condemn it as an improbable fiction.—(*Twelfth Night*.)

The film that had no turning.

"Take it for all in all,

I shall not look upon its like again."

(*With apologies to Shakespeare*.)

When spring is in the blood, winter is a state of mind.

The female of the species is no crazier than the male.

Much dancing hath made them mad.

It is a cold day for the progressive parties who show summery disregard for the national conventions.

Let not convention mock their joy, forsooth,

Nor winter scorn the short and simple garment of the youth.

If we dance at dinner and breakfast and tea,

Why not on the street in the garb of the sea?

"But let us enjoy frolic and dancing, and who will may heed seasons and clothing."

Cold feet ne'er won fair lady.

To dance in summer's garb on winter snow

A lightness in both heels and head doth show.

Some of cloaks and furs brag,

But we keep warm with a simple "rag".

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?—(*Taming of the Shrew*.)

Aren't the bugs out early this year?

The dancing craze to such proportions grown,

Like death, it claims all seasons for its own.

Hopping mad.

What care we for propriety

As long as we get notoriety?

A waltz street flurry, and that snow joke.

On, on with the dance while they're yet unconfined.

A fool there was and he made a show

Of himself and wife in the Broadway snow.

Weather forecast—Severe cold to-morrow.

He appears mad indeed but to a few, because the majority is infected with the same disease.—*Horace*.

Perhaps it is a good thing to have an unsound hobby ridden hard, for it is sooner ridden to death.

Such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.—*Shakespeare*.

"But it is absurd, my lord."

"Tut, tut, sir! Nothing is too absurd to happen in life."

—*Vanity Fair*.

A warm act in a cold setting gets an indifferent audience.—*David Belasco*.

Tell us when you've finished, moving-picture man,

We are almost frozen. Hustle, if you can.

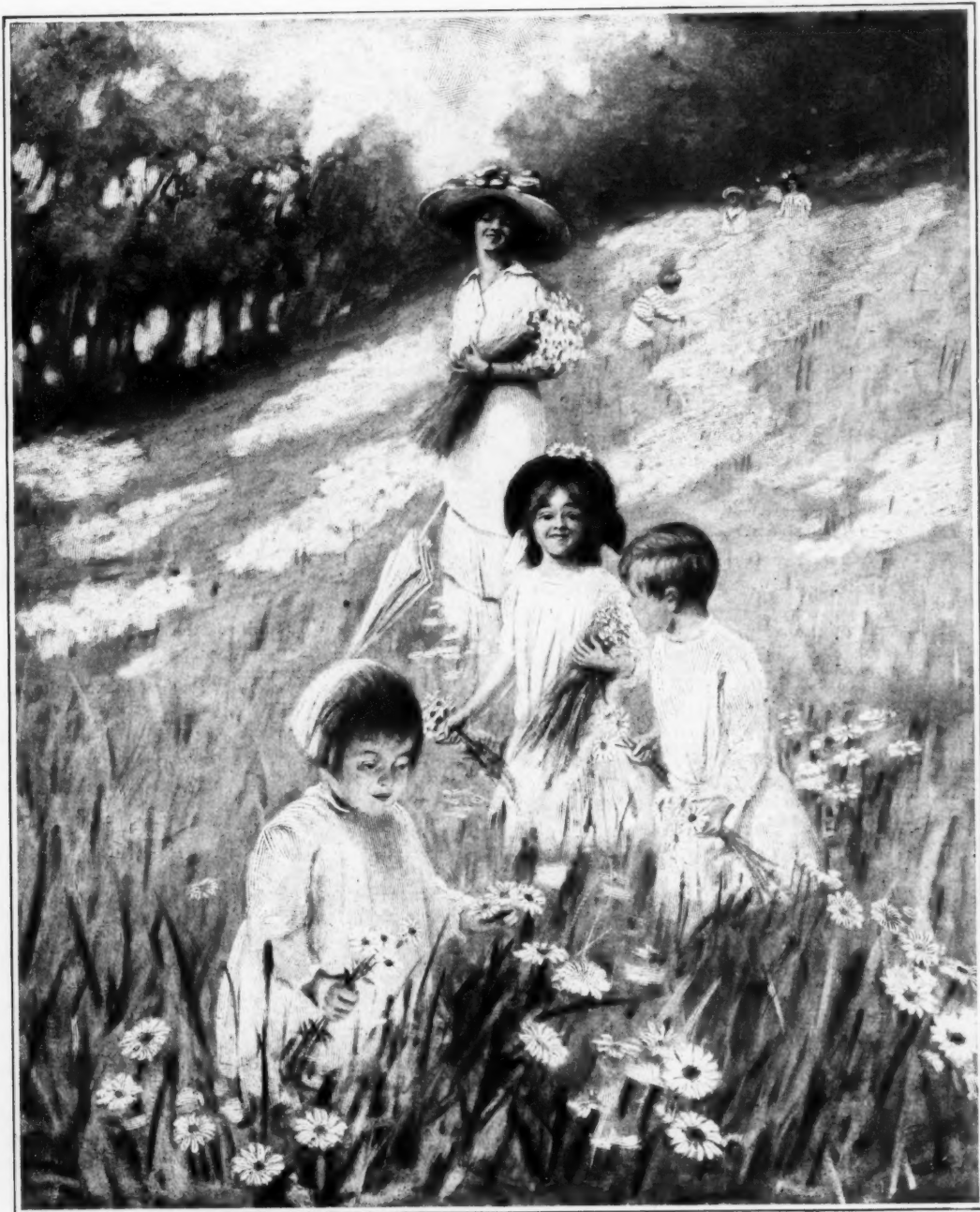
Cherchez the Movie Man.

LIFE holds Miss Ackley's receipt for the check for \$500, and also the following certificate from the accountants who handled the replies:

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have supervised the handling of the replies in LIFE's \$500 Picture Title Contest just closed; that of 74,658 titles submitted by contestants, 69,825 complied with the published conditions; that all of these titles, after being rendered impersonal and uniform by being typed on filing cards, were submitted to the judges for consideration; that at no time during the contest did the judges know the identity of the contestants, and that the exact title finally selected by the judges was submitted by only one contestant.

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY,

Certified Public Accountants.



DAISIES
GOD'S AND



MAN'S



JULY 30, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 64
No. 1657Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

good working order, with feeling political obituaries in some of the Republican papers, and with a great deal more and better reputation than he had when President Wilson first urged him to leave. He and Mr. Wilson have both been rising in popular esteem for a year or more as takers of opposite positions in a dispute. People have come increasingly to admire Mr. Wilson for insisting that Huerta should go, and to admire General Huerta for not going. The two Presidents have shown themselves good stickers, and everybody likes a good sticker.

Besides that, General Huerta has shown engaging qualities. He pretty well lived down the awkward responsibility for having made away with Madero. Villa still remembers about it, but so much is remembered about Villa that it is necessary for him to remember what he can about other folks. Huerta has been shrewd, cheerful, democratic and humorous. Villa also is humorous. A show with him and Huerta as end men, and our good William Bryan as interlocutor, was bound to go finely, and would succeed anywhere, especially on the Chautauqua circuit.

Particularly we owe General Huerta our thanks for the demonstration he has given of the superiority of man to habits. With Mr. Bryan and Hon.

GENERAL HUERTA has retired from office with his personal machinery still in

Jo. Daniels working over-hours to demonstrate that habits maketh the man, and you can unmake him by cutting off his grog, we have had for a year this disillusionizing picture of General Huerta cheerfully flitting from café to café, consuming, apparently, several gallons of hard liquor a day, and yet maintaining a stubborn and resourceful composure in a situation of the utmost difficulty and peril.



OF course it is good news that he is out. His exit does not vindicate Mr. Wilson's policy, but it helps it along. For our part, we never could see any prospect for substantial improvement in Mexico under Huerta and the Científicos. The outlook for improvement under the Constitutionals is better, albeit hedged in with all manner of dubious possibilities. "Watchful waiting" seems to have established it as a fact that government in Mexico cannot succeed without the recognition of the United States. That should be a check on revolutionaries and a help to orderly proceedings. Villa is the Mexican Big Stick, so far as can be seen. Government in Mexico must rest for the present not only on force, but on a force in sight. The most visible force seems to be Villa. If he behaves well, government may be established with the minimum of anguish. What will hap-

pen if he behaves ill may be left to conjecture until further news. But he is a good fighter, with a lot of very competent soldiers under him, and if he insists upon having order in Mexico the disorderly elements will have to be pretty spry to keep ahead of him.

The only kind of public opinion that is useful as yet in Mexico is the incarnate kind that walks on two legs when it doesn't ride. Villa looks from this distance like the incarnate public opinion that is back of the Constitutionals, a shrewd, stubborn person who can use his understanding and who seems, with the help, apparently, of General Angeles, to understand a great deal more than any reasonable observer could expect.

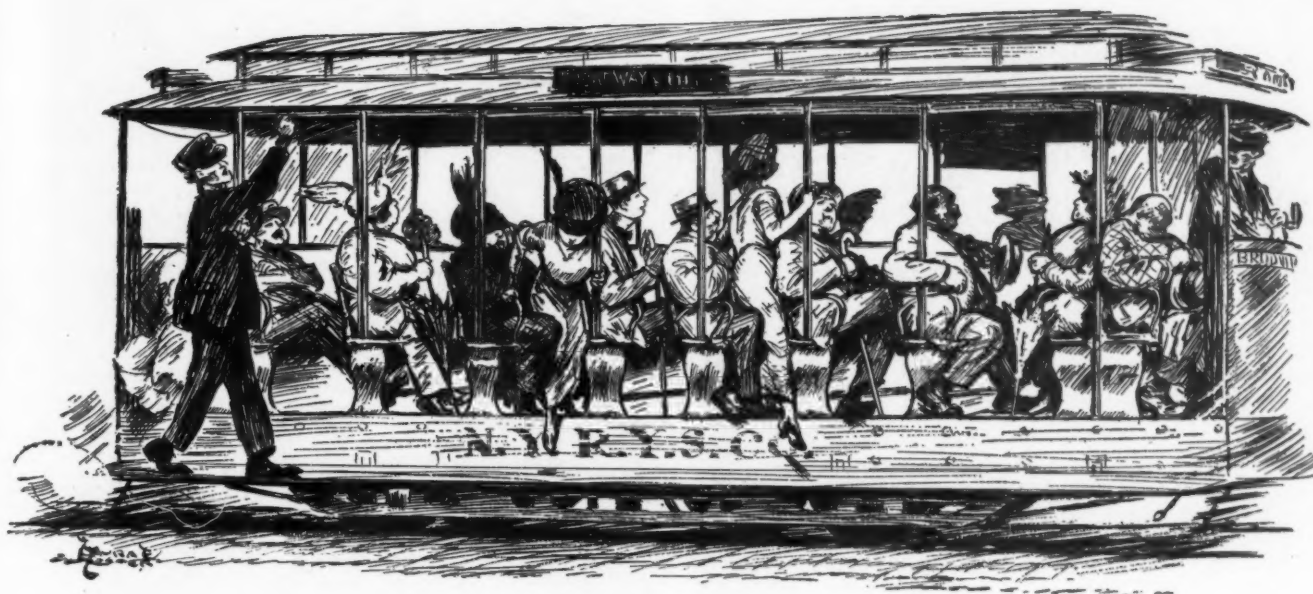


MR. BRYAN admits in a public declaration that he is for woman suffrage now and forever. *E pluribus William!* We congratulate the suffrage ladies on one of the greatest intakes since the Dutch captured Holland. Mr. Champ Clark is a great suffragist, and no doubt Secretary Josephus Daniels is of that mind, and may at any time order instruction on the subject to be given to the navy. The cause is getting on.

It will hardly gain much, however, from the discourse which Mr. Bryan gave out in support of his position. He says in it that at one time he inclined to leave the suffrage question to women to decide, but as to that has come to feel in sympathy with Dr. Samuel Johnson's remark that "no man's conscience can tell him the right of another man".

But if no man's conscience can tell him about the right of women to vote, why not leave it to the women to decide? Brother Bryan's citation did not seem to support his case.

Of course Mr. Bryan and Mr. Clark are for votes for women. They are great shepherds of voters, and the more votes there are the greater is their office. It is an instinct with



PIGS IN CLOVER
THE END-SEAT HOGS

shepherds to work for the increase of the flock.



IF there were any substantial prospect of a Democratic candidate for Governor of New York that earnest friends of good government would want to vote for, one could bear with equanimity the spirited proceedings of the Colonel in the case of Mr. Whitman. The Colonel accuses Mr. Whitman of being for Whitman for Governor, with or without Mr. Barnes. He depicts the District Attorney as willing to engage the support of the Progressives, but as not so emphatic as he thinks every man ought to be in abjuring the support of Mr. Barnes and rejecting all the votes that that gentleman can influence. The Colonel is hot against the bosses in New York State, and particularly hot against the boss who helped so conspicuously to compass the felony at Chicago in 1912 by which the Progressive candidate

was deprived of the Republican nomination.

The Colonel's feelings are natural, but embarrassing. It is a good work, no doubt, to do up Mr. Barnes, but it is not the only good work in sight in New York politics, and excess of zeal to put it through might blight the prospects of other good works that are more important.

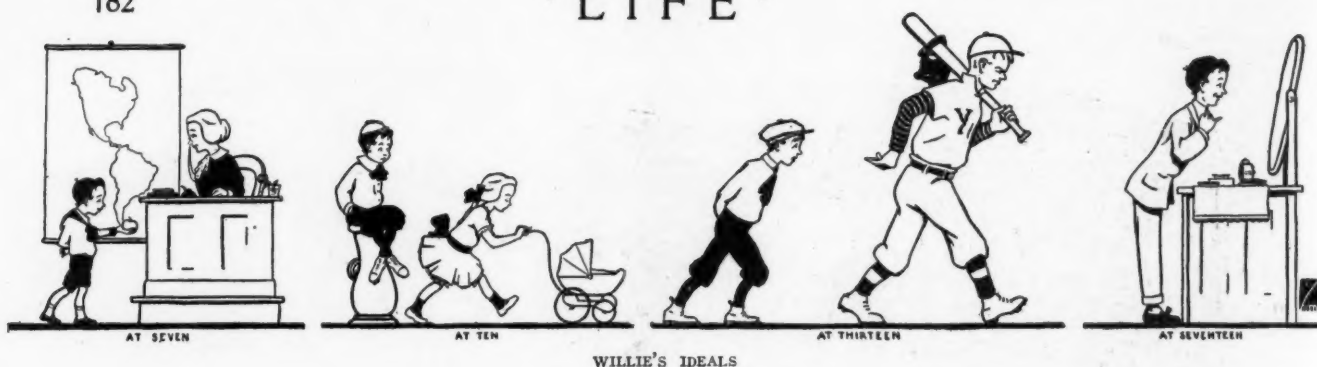
However, positive factors declared early in a campaign help to clear the situation. It looks positive that the Colonel will not help to elect any candidate for Governor who will not give out a strong preliminary execration of Mr. Barnes. That simplifies things a little, and would simplify them much more if the Democratic party in the State were any good. There must be a lot of voters who are very, very tired of all the bosses and want a first-class candidate who will stand up conspicuously and bite his thumb at Barnes, Murphy and the Colonel. We don't want any of them to run the State. Mr. Root could swallow Barnes and then bite his thumb at the other two, but why should Mr. Root get the black spot? And besides, it is possible that he may

yet run for Senator. Is it impossible to sort out a fit person of proper age to undertake this great duty of being Governor of New York?



MISS DAVIS seemed to get along well with her Blackwell's Island mutineers. It will not do to dogmatize either way about the fitness of a woman for the place she fills. The spirit that underlies and directs the exercise of authority over delinquents is immensely important. Unless the spirit is right the job does not go well. But the right spirit for this employment is rare, and when found it should not be wasted, whether a woman has it or a man. Miss Davis's ideas about the treatment of prisoners seem to be very like those Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne is trying out at Auburn prison.

It is no new thing for women to be active in prison reform, as witness the great record of Elizabeth Fry, a century ago.



WILLIE'S IDEALS

That Must Have Been It

THE tailor-made man and the custom-made man met and talked it over. Said the tailor-made man:

"You are a handsome fellow. Your shoulders, as I see you pictured in the magazine advertisements month after month, are rather excessively broad, and you never seem to unbend. Sometimes I feel as if I would like to give you a swift punch in the solar plexus just to see what would happen. But, after all, that isn't what is the matter with you. Your real trouble is that you have to be renewed so often. Every month you come out in a new suit. The material doesn't last. You spend twice as much as I do on your clothes."

"And I always look fresh," said the custom-made man. "I'm always in style. On practically the same money you spend I have twice, or even three times as much variety."

"Yes," replied the tailor-made man; "but if you get out of position, your clothes don't fit. You have to stand up against a mantel with your head thrown back. Move yourself ever so little and your coat collar will begin to hunch up. I'm sorry for you, old chap. How you must suffer when you step out of your advertisement and are off duty."

"Well, I'll tell you what—just for an experiment—you know we are both the same size. Let's change. I'll wear your clothes and you wear mine."

"Agreed."

The tailor-made man in his new clothes went off to see his best girl. As a matter of fact, he had proposed to her a few evenings before and had come for his answer.

She was quite restless for some time, but at last she said:

"I'm awfully sorry, but I can't marry you. Somehow I don't like you any more. Before you came I had—well, sort of made up my mind to marry you, but since we have been together this evening there is something about you that makes me feel you are not the man I thought you were. You are not the real thing. Farewell."

The custom-made man, clad in his new clothes, likewise called upon his best girl. Realizing that the material he was now wearing would be appreciated by one who knew the feel of good material, he proposed.

"Never!" immediately replied the young woman. "I don't know quite what it is, but there is something about you this evening that doesn't appeal to me. You have a

sort of exclusive, snobbish, superior air about you which doesn't belong to you. I couldn't stand you as a permanent thing. Good-bye."

* * * * *

"What do you make of this whole affair?" said the custom-made man, after they had met again and related their experiences to each other.

"Somehow or other I feel as if it had a deep moral or philosophical significance. Were these girls wrong or what?"

"Not at all," said the tailor-made man. "They were both of them true women, perfectly consistent with their own natures. The trouble was with us. When we changed clothes, each one of us ought to have proposed to the other fellow's girl."



"GIMME A NICKEL IF I FIND YER DOG, MISS?"



"KITTY, THIS IS YOUR COUSIN BERTRAM, OF WHOM YOU HAVE HEARD ME SPEAK."

"GRACIOUS, MOTHER! HOW DID I HAPPEN TO GET A COUSIN LIKE THAT?"

A Measure of Deception

"RAILROADS sometimes have to use a measure of deception to create public sentiment in their favor," says Mr. Skinner, a director of the New Haven.

Yes, yes, go on, Mr. Skinner. You interest us strangely. About how large a measure of deception do you think is justified by the ethics of Christianity, the regulations of frenzied finance and the legitimate scramble for profits? And do you think a railroad should give full measure in a case of that kind, or short measure? And how often could a railroad director replenish this measure of deception without violating the self-respect of his conscience? And what should the public do when it discovers the deception? Oh, dear! So many inquiries arise upon such a revelation that it is hard to know where to begin or where to stop. You know the old couplet, Mr. Skinner:

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.

E. O. J.

Bulletin

TO be placed in lobbies of theatres for benefit of busy tangoists, who cannot give up an entire evening to a play.

Overture: 8:30.

Love scenes: 8:45, 9:13, 9:55, 10:40.

Domestic quarrels: 8:47, 9:38, 10:32.

Comedians: 9:00, 9:35, 10:04, 10:39.

Laughable incidents: None.

Spicy conversation: 9:15, 9:40, 10:15, 10:35.

Epigrams: 8:40, 8:55, 9:10, 9:25, 9:40, 10:00, 10:20, 10:40.

Clever epigrams: None.

Big scenes: Wife meets lover, 8:45; husband denounces wife, 9:40; husband kills lover, 10:05; courtroom scene, 10:25.

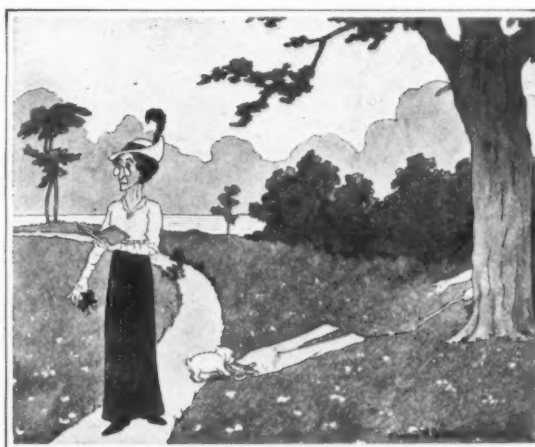
Changes of costume: 8:30, 8:55, 9:35, 10:00, 10:20.

Animal Exhibitions

A very active crusade is being carried on in England against the use of trained animals. It is meeting with such popular favor that one of London's largest theatres was recently obliged to discontinue an animal show which was playing in it. Performers using animals in acts that seem to imperil their safety are frequently hissed from the stage. With such sentiment constantly growing it will not be long before theatrical producers will cease furnishing "animal acts".

—National Humane Review.

GOOD work!
Let's begin over here.



THE TACTLESS PUP



· LIFE ·



A Leisure Trip



THE MAN FROM HOME

Imaginary Conversations

"DO you object to living in the country?"

"No, ma'am. I adore it."

"Are you a good cook?"

"On Sundays. Week days I never get things twice alike."

"What wages do you want?"

"It's quite immaterial to me, ma'am. I only work from a sense of duty."

"Do you ever have company?"

"Yes, ma'am. And I assure you, upon my word of honor, not one of them is a brother or a cousin."

"Have you a good temper?"

"Fine when I'm not drunk, ma'am."

"When may I expect you?"

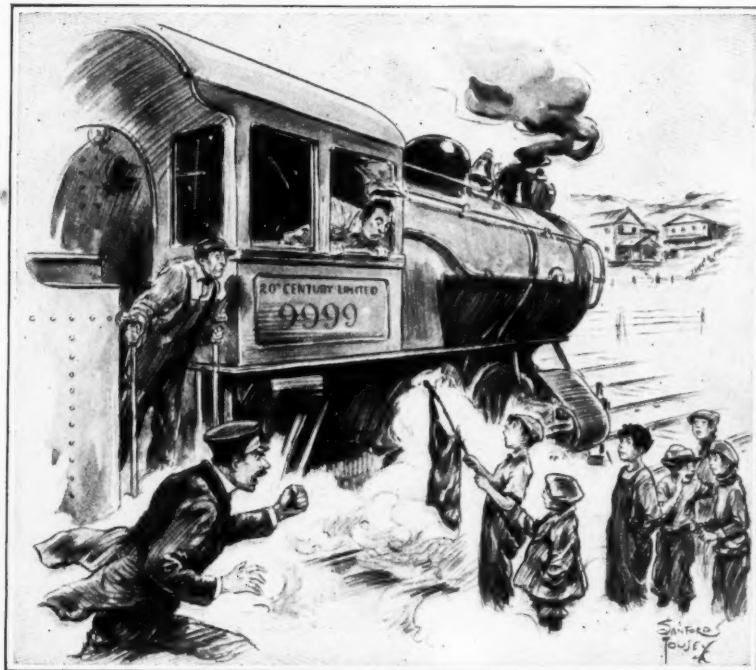
"When you see me, ma'am."

"Engaged!"

Let us not be worried, therefore, nor loose our purse-strings forsooth, when these experts revile and say all manner of evil things about the in-

adequacy and inefficiency of our fighting machines. They are but preserving the traditions of the clan.

E. O. J.



The Proper Thing

DOES anybody know of ever a time, past, present or future, in the history of this or any other country, civilized, barbaric or savage, when the military and naval experts, the service journals and the suppliers of martial accoutrements were satisfied with the amount of money, however large, which the government was spending on such matters?

If such there ever was, go mark it well. Put it down somewhere in a sacred book, for it is a miracle.

"HERE, YOU YOUNG TOUGHS! WHAT DID YOU FLAG US FOR?"
"WE WANTED TO FIND OUT WHO WON THE BALL GAME."



ON WITH THE DANCE
WHY STOP TO EAT?

The Latest Books

WE have long been kept regularly informed, month by month, as to the changing tastes of the various localities in the United States in the matter of fiction. But there is no bulletin published of the shifting preferences of fiction in the matter of localities. Yet this latter movement—the tendencies shown by the native novel to deal, by twos or fours or even, on occasion, by the dozen, with special subjects; with the political life of the middle western States, or with the village life of New England, or with the social life of the metropolis, or with the rural life of the far West or of the Kentucky and Tennessee uplands—these latter shiftings, though slower, are quite as marked and probably quite as significant as those by which Los Angeles and Kansas City and Minneapolis and Philadelphia take up or lay aside the same or different specimens of the moment's best-sellers.

It is too bad that we haven't a literary weather bureau.

By issuing monthly charts on which the trend of public taste was shown by isotherms of local predilection and the concentrating tendencies of fiction were indicated by converging flocks of little arrows, such an institution would not only furnish us with frequent bird's-eye views of current conditions, but might gradually gather data for deducing the laws of literary meteorology.

THIS month's chart, for example, would show a number of arrows pointing to New York City. One of these would stand for Owen Johnson's "The Salamander". Another (the one we are interested in to-day) for Rupert Hughes's "What Will People Say?" And it is possible that if we had the charts of the past two years or so to compare and study, it might appear quite clearly that a "low" and a "high", which in this period have been moving at different speeds across the literary map, have met over Manhattan Island and are about to cause a storm of social stock-taking and a precipitation of fictional where-are-we-ats. It is certain that these two novels, markedly as they differ in scope, spirit and quality, have this in common: that they are both summaries of overt results rather than analyses of covert tendencies.

But where "The Salamander" is a hybrid production, which, by making clever capital of its proclaimed sociological revelations, is scoring, like a Museum of Social Anatomy, a success of curiosity; "What Will People Say?" (Harpers, \$1.35) is one of the soundest American novels of the day, standing squarely on its own fictional feet, and offering us its mordant and salutary criticism of current conditions as an apparent by-product and incidental corollary of the clash of individual personalities which it so brilliantly depicts for us.

The hero of the story is a young army officer—a Southerner of modern impulses but old-fashioned tradi-

tions—on leave in New York. The heroine is a young society woman of ultra-fashionable rearing whose beauty, personal charm and family connections have combined to make her a prominent figure and a general favorite. He is just returned from the womanless wilds of the Philippine hinterland. She has just become secretly engaged to the biggest fortune on Fifth Avenue. They meet through a common intimate and, against the brilliantly painted back-curtain of dance-mad New York, play out to its tragic dénouement the swift drama of their mutual attraction and their incompatible ideals. No writer equally intimate with the many-sided life of the city, equally endowed with the piquantly combined equipment of the social philosopher and the man-about-town, and equally able to be wittily serious, has recently dealt with the metropolitan milieu. And "What Will People Say?" not only profits by the qualities of its author's equipment, but sparkles in consequence of those qualities' defects.

IT is the custom of this department, after commending a piece of fiction which, while certain to prove some minds' food, is likely to act as other minds' poison, to indicate an antidote. William John Hopkins, the author of that American classic of unworldly contentment, "The Clammer", has just published a story of the New England coast called "Burbury Stoke" (Houghton, Mifflin; \$1.25). It is a tale that has a vegetative sequence rather than a plot and that creates a state of mind rather than a story. But while it misses a

Stocktonian humor by the same narrow margin that it fails of being sentimentally succulent, it possesses a flavor that persists agreeably after its shortcomings are forgotten. J. B. Kerfoot.

Confidential Book Guide

Antarctic Penguins, by Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N. A natural history book that is as amusing as "Gulliver's Travels".

A Year of Pierrot, by the Mother of Pierrot. The biography of a French baby. Simon-pure sentiment with a soupçon of sadness.

Burbury Stoke, by William John Hopkins. See above.

Cubists and Post-Impressionism, by Arthur Jerome Eddy. The new art while it's hot. Illustrations in color and monochrome and notes by an up-to-date layman.

Dodo's Daughter, by E. F. Benson. A sequel to a twenty-year-old favorite. Good reading for the silly season.

Five Plays, by Lord Dunsany. Samples of the work of the "Irish Maeterlinck".

Forty Years of It, by Brand Whitlock. An unusual bit of autobiography; interesting contemporary comment; and a book that has "a way with it".

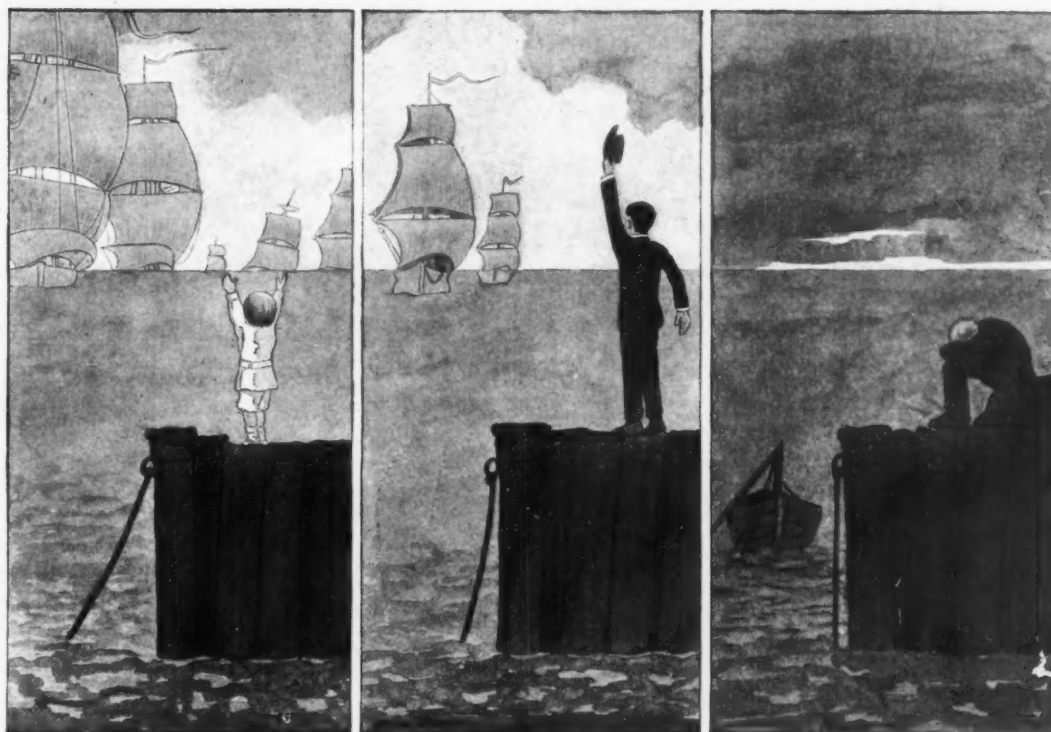
Hail and Farewell, Vale, by George Moore. A book in which (to the entraining of the conventional critics) the author treats himself and his friends as the raw materials of art.

Joseph Pulitzer, by Alleyne Ireland. The experiences of a private secretary. A character-study of striking quality.

Love and the Soul-Maker, by Mary Austin. A discussion of modern mar-



THE RECTOR TAKES A SHY AT IT IN THE SEWING-ROOM



"WHEN HIS SHIPS COME IN"

AT FIVE

AT TWENTY-FIVE

AT FIFTY

riage problems whose chief value is that it is a frank expression by a thoughtful woman.

Penrod, by Booth Tarkington. Amusing chapters from the life of a boy.

The Precipice, by Ella W. Peatie. An entertaining story and an interesting picture of contemporary Chicago.

The Marryers, by Irving Batcheller. Americans abroad satirized by the supposed pen of a nice old lawyer who is incidentally a philistine.

The Price of Love, by Arnold Bennett. A tale of the five towns with an exciting plot and some of the author's best character work.

Quick Action, by Robert W. Chambers. Politely Decameronish tales of love at first sight.

The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists, by Robert Tressall. A hunk of life as seen by an English workingman. A remarkable picture with a socialistic come-back.

The Salamander, by Owen Johnson. Wild oats and the bachelor girl; a lurid lyric of the new freedom.

What Will People Say? by Rupert Hughes. See preceding page.

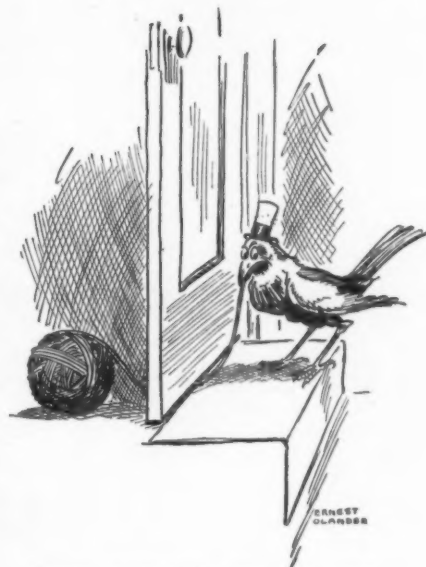
Phoenix Rome

IS it not about time to have a second decline and fall of the Roman Empire? The first one occurred sev-

eral years ago. It was rather a long ceremony in which a number of prominent people were killed, their places being taken by new actors.

Since then, however, in the pages of historians, sociological experts and other authors ambitious to discover the causes of things, Rome has apparently "come back". Whatever we are now, Rome was. Or what Rome was, we are. There were suffragettes in Rome. We have them with us. Rome was a Republic. So are we. Rome became decadent. *Ergo*, we must also be decadent. Thus Rome has been revived by analogy. It has furnished an apparently permanent source of revenue to many worthy writers. When the larder is low, they can pen something about business conditions to-day being similar to business conditions in Rome in the time of Cicero.

What we need now are a few mental barbarians to come and sack the modern mental Rome that has risen up in the pages of contemporary literature.



"WELL, ISN'T THAT FUNNY? HERE I'VE BEEN SWALLOWING ON THIS WORM FOR FIVE MINUTES AND NO END IN SIGHT YET"



WEATHER FORECAST
LOCAL SHOWERS, FOLLOWED BY GENERAL DISTURBANCES



WILHELMINA TELL AND THE APPLE

Best People: the Doctors

WHATEVER their defects, we shall not do without the ministers. Nor without the doctors, either. They also are an age-long, immemorial habit of the human race. Before there was history there were doctors, and always there have been irreverent men who have made game of them and doubted the efficacy of their treatments. Moreover, the scoffers have always had abundant reason on their side, for doctoring has always been, and still is, an experiment, and the history of medicine is a record of treatments and medicines discarded because they were found to be worthless, and superseded by other treatments and medicines most of which went to the ash-pile in their due turn. Doctors have been so habitually mistaken, have confided so steadily in means and theories that have turned out to be wrong, that



WEATHER FORECAST

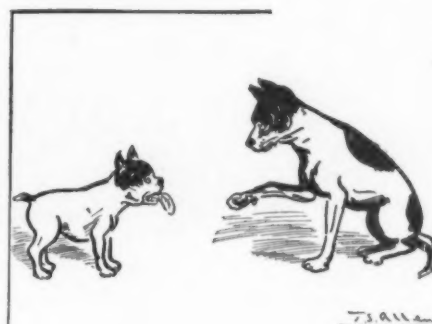
RIISING TEMPERATURE ALONG THE COAST, FOLLOWED BY SQUALLS

it is a wonder that mankind has continued to confide in them, and that they have managed, themselves, to retain any confidence in their competency for their employment. But we do confide in them, not because we believe them to be infallible, but because we think they know more about health, disease and the human body than we do.

And we are right about that. Almost any doctor knows more about doctoring than the average layman, especially when the layman is ill. The average length of human life has been extended in modern civilized countries by fifteen or twenty years, and a good part of that valuable extension is credited to the growth and application of

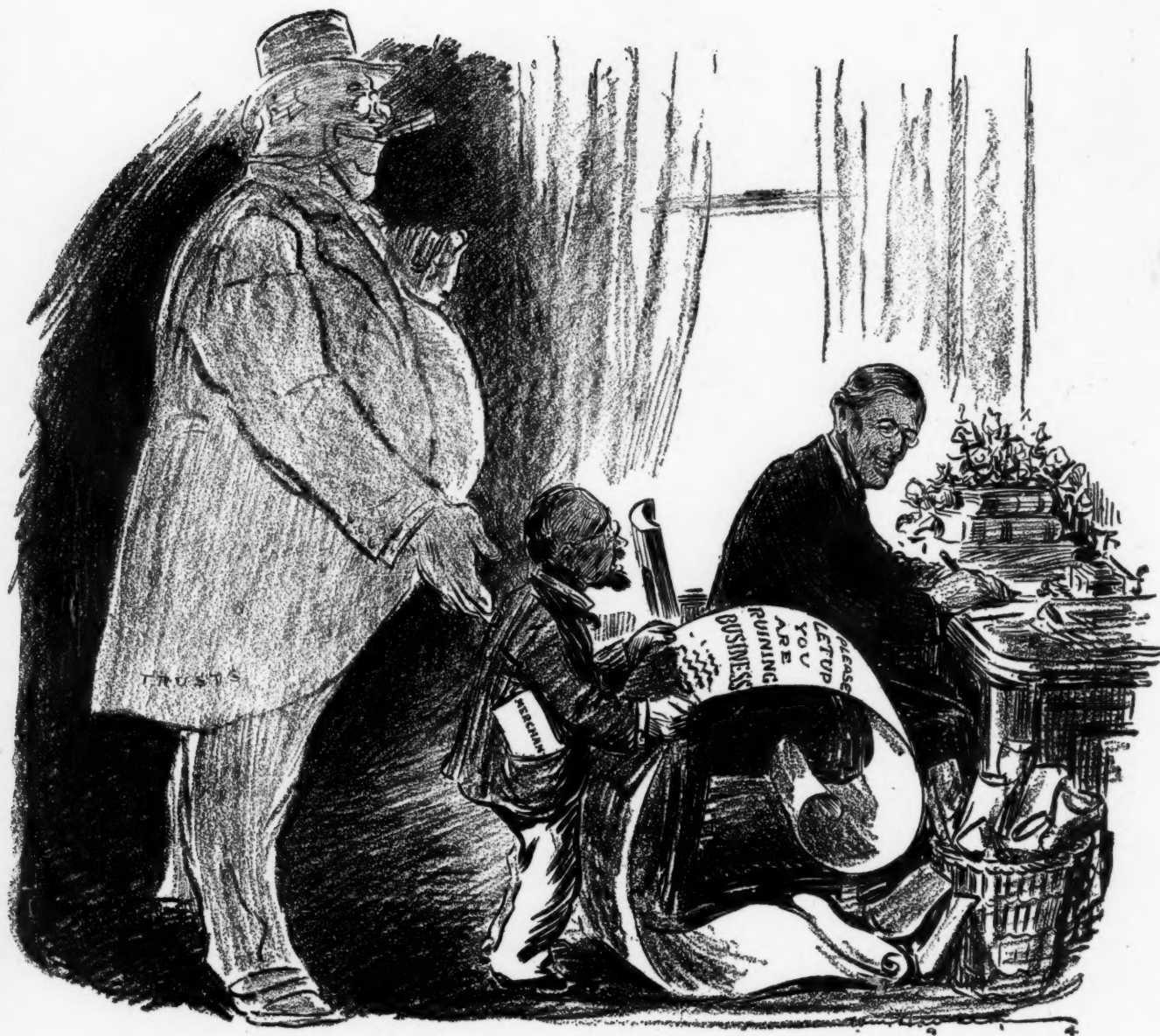
medical knowledge. Doctors are far better taught than they used to be, and there is a great deal more that can be taught them with reasonable confidence that it is true. When we consider that their whole subject (the material part of it) is a carcass in two varieties, that can go in a box about six feet long and less than two feet wide, it seems wonderful that they did not learn ages ago everything connected with it. But they didn't, and have not learned it yet, though nowadays they do know quite a bit, and are rapidly adding to their store of knowledge.

The purpose of all the old professions—church, law and medicine—
(Continued on page 199.)



IN THE DOG DAYS

"DON'T PUT YOUR TONGUE SO FAR OUT
WHEN YOU PANT, CHILD. SOME FOOL
WILL THINK YOU ARE MAD"



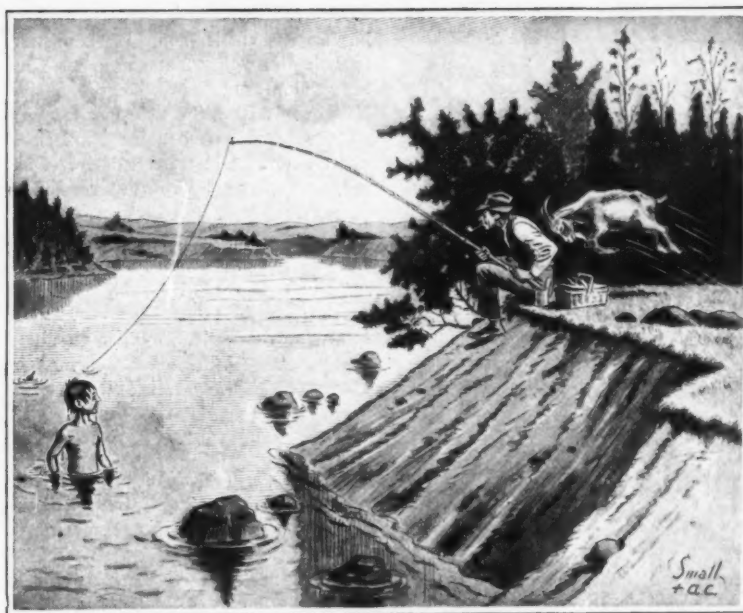
"WHOSE BUSINESS?"

FIRST DIRECTOR: Gentlemen, the question is, shall we arbitrate?

SECOND DIRECTOR: Never! Why, if we submitted this dispute to arbitration we might have to concede something.

LIBRETTIST: That's a great chorus they have in the new show at the Calcium Theatre.

CRITIC: Yes. I knew it would be a success before the curtain had gone up two feet.



"COME ON IN, MISTER. THE WATER'S FINE"

From One Who Knows

DR. CHARLES MAYO, of Rochester, Minn., and one of the best-known surgeons in the country, recently made a statement before the American Medical Association.

Dr. Mayo said there were too many operations. He said that surgeons and doctors, instead of making a study of conditions leading to human ills, and thus forestalling them, were too prone to perform unnecessary operations.

This opinion about operations has long been held by people of common sense, whose experience and observation show that the tendency is to perform too many superfluous operations.

It is significant to have it confirmed by one who knows.

No Danger, Good Friends

LET us offer our humble consolations to those gloomy people who are over-inclined to fear that the plans of the reformers may come true. There is no real danger, and for a most obvious reason.

The total cessation of war, the final adjustment of municipal governments, the elimination of poverty, the brotherhood of man—all these and more are perfectly secure from conquest.

And the reason is that the people, taken as a whole, will not stand for dull history. If these things should all come true, there would be nothing to read in the morning papers. Life would be too tame.

Who Knows?

TWO five-dollar gold pieces sat silently on the edges of two piles of similar pieces, separated by a narrow margin. Finally one spoke:

"I'm off to Europe to-morrow."

"So?" said the second five-dollar gold piece. "That must be interesting. I came near being selected also, I judge, but the teller put me over here for home use. Have you ever been to Europe before?"

"Yes. I was over there in 1893 and again in 1907."

"Who pays your expenses while you are abroad?"

"The people of the United States."

"Indeed. Do they send you over of their own accord?"

The first five-dollar gold piece shook his head. He was a polished citizen of the world. He had been in Paris, London and Berlin. He had acquired experience.

"Not exactly," he replied. "The people abroad invited me over. They



"WAIT A MINUTE, TOM, TILL I ASK MOTHER IF YOU CAN STAY TO LUNCH"

"I GUESS I WON'T STAY TO-DAY, ETHEL. I'M TOO HUNGRY"



Publisher: MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, WHAT WE NEED IS NOT SO MUCH A STORY TO AMUSE THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN AS ONE THAT WILL CHEER THE WOMAN WHO HAS THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN TO CONTENT WITH

apparently pay something to have me come, but that's only a bluff. In the end our own people always pay for it."

"What are you going over for this time—business or pleasure?"

"Business. I always travel on business. I shall probably visit the Bank of England a few days, renewing my acquaintance with some English cousins—sovereign chaps, I assure you—and then I may wander over to Germany. They are always glad to see me in dear old Germany."

The second five-dollar gold piece had only recently been born. Having passed all of his short life in Wash-

ington, he naturally knew nothing of economics, the past, or what is happening elsewhere in the world.

"I don't quite see the object of your going abroad," he said, "if our folks are to pay for your expenses in the end, merely because other people want you over there. I'm reasonably patriotic, no matter if I have spent my life in Washington, and I should really like to know the object of this sort of thing."

"Well, my dear fellow, I will explain. There was a time when I might have been as narrowly patriotic as you, but I've gotten all over that. Now,

I believe in leading the life of the higher golden idealism. It's a mistake to help out your own country. Your aims should be more comprehensive. You should be willing to serve any old nation. And so when the bankers of other countries express a desire to see me, and I can be of any service to them, why, I go abroad."

"And leave me here?"

The traveler glistened with optimism.

"Don't worry," he said. "A few more railroad scandals, a few more lootings by American multimillionaires, and you may join me at any moment. Hope on, hope ever, brother!"

Success

PATIENT (*feebly*): Say, doctor, that new serum treatment of yours has given me an extraordinarily high fever.

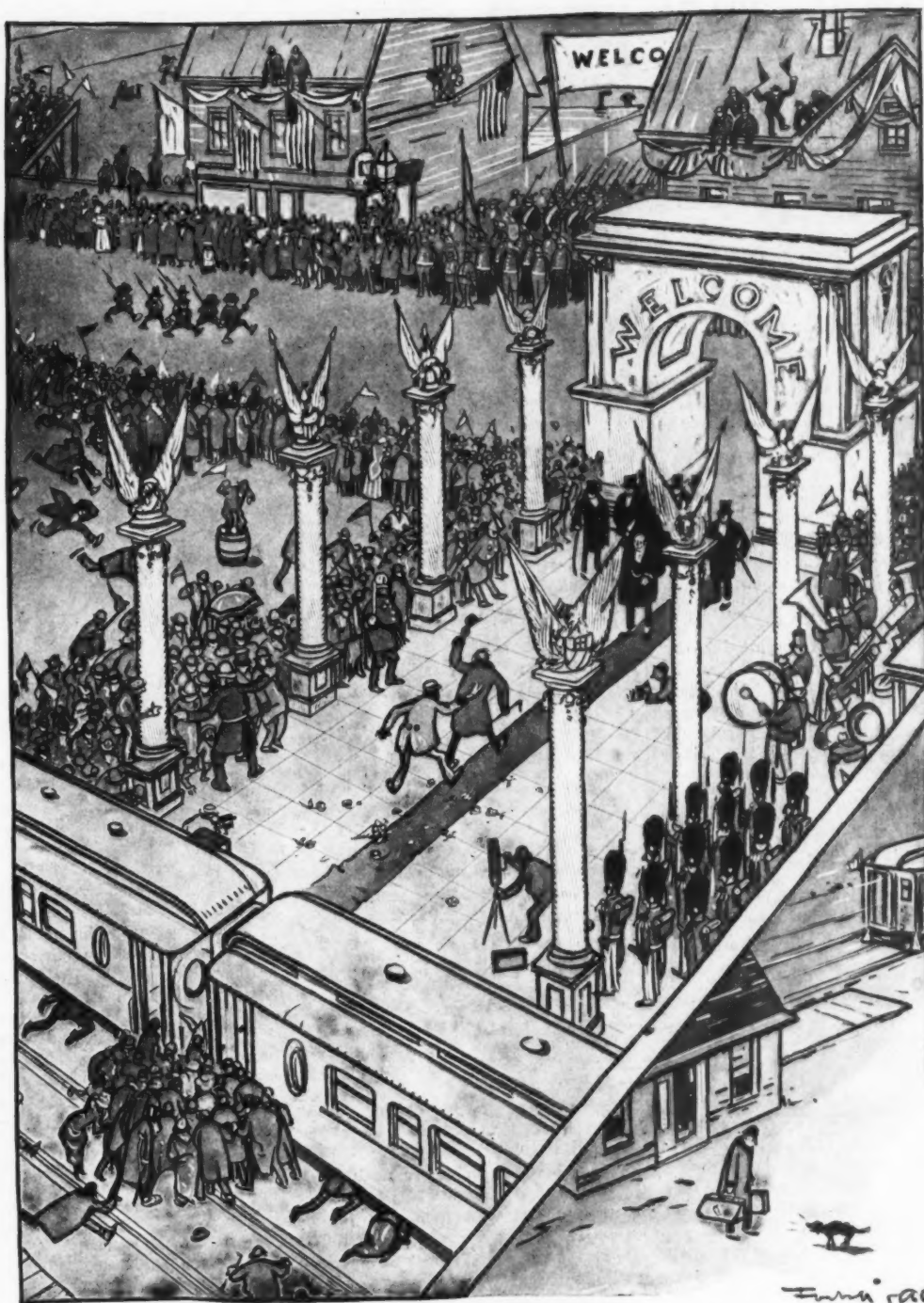
DOCTOR: My hearty congratulations!

"For what?"

"Why, my dear sir, that fever indicates the presence of several other diseases which we didn't even suspect!"



"A NICE POLICE WE'VE GOT! MY TREASURER ABSCONDS WITH ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND MY WIFE—AND THE POLICE BRING BACK MY WIFE"



A VISIT TO YOUR NATIVE TOWN

AS YOU EXPECT IT TO BE

AS IT IS

What Do You Think?

We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity Is Desirable.

The Tribune's Mistake

The *Tribune* inaugurated the sane Fourth movement in 1899. In its capacity as a news gatherer it was impressed by the great and needless loss of life and the countless cases of serious injury as the result of the annual old-fashioned observance of the nation's birthday.

The crusade for a "Sane Fourth" brought nation-wide approval and support from newspapers throughout the country. As a result of this crusade, succeeding years have witnessed a steady decrease in the number of casualties attending Fourth of July celebrations.

EDITOR LIFE:

The *Chicago Tribune* claims credit for having started the "Sane Fourth". I don't believe them. I give *LIFE* this envied distinction. The picture of the injured lad—I looked for it, but in vain, this year—has preached the gospel of a "Sane Fourth" more effectively than all the written pleas ever printed. Why did you omit it this year? If there be a chance that it will not appear next year I'll be one to contribute towards a page advertisement in your July 4th number for 1915—the "copy" furnished to be that picture.

Yours,

GRIDLEY ADAMS.

CHICAGO, ILL.,
July 6, 1914.

OUR correspondent is right. *LIFE* started the crusade.

THE EDITORS.

No Misstatement Visible

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

So many letters must have reached you concerning the misstatement you have made regarding my dear friend, Leonard D. Abbott, that perhaps I ought not to add to the number.

Your assertion that he is not a native American seems based upon the fact that Leonard Dalton Abbott was born in Liverpool. Mr. Abbott is a native American. He comes from a long line of native Americans, men and women born in this country for generations past. The fact that Mr. Abbott was born abroad would not of itself affect his title to the dignity of native American. General Meade,



"MOTHER! COME QUICK! WILLIE'S GOIN' TO PRAY FOR A NEW BABY!"

hero of Gettysburg, was born in Spain, but he was a native American, like Leonard Dalton Abbott.

Yours very truly,

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

NEW YORK,
July 8, 1914.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA says Leonard D. Abbott was born in Liverpool in 1878 and came to these States in 1897. His ideas seem to have been imported.—THE EDITORS.

One or Two of Our Faults

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.,
Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your interesting letter of June 20th inviting me to subscribe to *LIFE*. You describe *LIFE* as a "humorous" paper with a high standard. Maybe it is. Personally, I think that truth is the highest standard, and no publication can lay claim to truthfulness that says and draws what *LIFE* does about so-called vivisection. Permit me to say that your views on that subject are most narrow and inaccurate. Where you got them and why you persist in them are questions I am unable to answer.

I like *LIFE*. Surreptitiously I pick up copies and enjoy them, unless,

perchance, I run across one of your evil-intentioned drawings. Surely only a mean spirit could depict honest investigators after scientific truth in the manner which *LIFE* uses to portray all animal experimenters. I dare say you would be among the very first to insist upon profiting by these experiments. You would want antitoxin; you would insist that your cretin child be treated with thyroids; you would expect your surgeon to be skilled in delicate abdominal operations, the actual technique of which had to be worked out on etherized animals rather than that he should experiment on one of your own.

If your propaganda were to provide care and comfort for the thousand homeless stray animals in the street—hardly enjoying life themselves and a menace to your children—I could understand you, but for you to set yourself against the work that men of the very highest character are doing, unselfishly for the good of humanity, leaves one to conclude that your judgment is swayed by a sympathy that is ill-informed and maudlin.

And so I cannot in conscience subscribe to your publication.

Yours very truly,

JAMES V. FREEMAN.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,
June 27, 1914.



"AH! THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE COUNTRY! THE WONDER AND BEAUTY OF GOD'S HANDIWORK! I
THINK I WILL SIT DOWN NEAR THIS SYLVAN POOL AND READ UNTIL TEA TIME"



It Must Have Been Difficult

A man was brought before the court upon the complaint of his wife, says the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*. While the prisoner was testifying, the judge made it clear that he intended to be harsh with him; so that his wife became frightened, and when called to the stand refused to give any testimony. In fact, she retracted all her accusations.

"So your husband didn't strike you, then?" said the judge. "Where did you get that black eye?"

"I struck it accidentally on the mantelpiece."

"So! And that piece bitten out of your ear—he didn't do that, either?"

"No, no, your honor. I did that myself!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A Mean Meaning

WIFEY: Do you recollect that once when we had a quarrel I said you were just as mean as you could be?

HUBBY: Yes, my dear.

WIFEY: Oh, Tom, how little did I know you then!—*Boston Transcript*.



"I WON'T LOOK HIM UP. IT MIGHT BE THAT MAN FRIDAY—BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT MIGHT BE BILLY SUNDAY!"

Wisdom from Mexico

General Villa is said to be addicted to elaborate forms of speech. Some of the proverbs of his nation, which he is never tired of quoting, are interesting:

A close mouth catches no flies.

Your worst enemy is always one of your own trade.

Smear yourself with honey and you will be devoured by flies.

Better be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion.

Although a monkey is clothed in silk, it still remains a monkey.

Get a name for early rising, and you may lie abed all day.

—*Westminster Gazette*.

It is told of a certain famous painter that on one occasion he was taken by an American millionaire through his picture-gallery. It contained, apparently, a very bad collection of pictures, and the great artist was very bored.

"Mr. —," the millionaire said at length, gazing with pride on the canvases, "I've decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest?"

"A blind asylum," said the painter.

—*Tit-Bits*.

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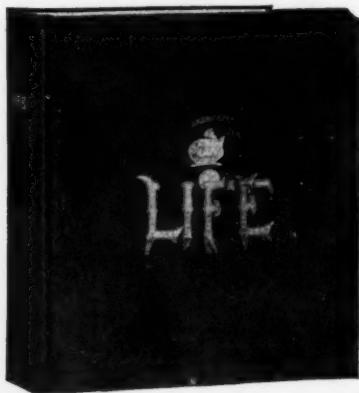
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Katie: LOOK AT THE GEN'LEMAN THAT'S PLAYIN' THE LITTLE THING, JOE. D'YE NOTICE HOW MUCH MORE AIR HE'S GOT LEFT IN HIM THAN THE OTHER TWO?

Best People: the Doctors

(Continued from page 191.)

is to keep us in order. When one realizes what advantages of influence and control the doctors have, the wonder is that they have not engrossed the whole business. Perhaps they would engross it if physical health was the chief end of man. But it is not. It is only an important detail of life; a preliminary more or less essential to getting out of life what is in it. We ask of ministers to keep us out of hell; of lawyers to keep us out of court; of doctors to keep us out of bed (except in proper sleeping hours) and fit to go about our business. We are willing to give our health such attention as we can spare for it. We don't aspire to be perfect models of salubrity. We are satisfied if we feel pretty well, and can enjoy life and get along with our business. The fault of the doctors, as a group, is that they magnify their calling and are apt to want to do more for us than we want done, and to make the world healthier than it belongs to be. They are prone to feel that life is a product of health,

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whereas, really, health is a mere by-product of life. Life scrambles along anyhow. If it can produce good health it does, and if it can't it gets along with such health as it can get. You would think that there could be no health and no life without doctors, so many rules they have laid down, so many dangers they have charted, so many remedies and precautions they recommend. But the truth is that life has produced doctors, not the converse, and enormous nations like the Chinese get along, not, to be sure, without any doctors at all, but with doctors so terribly mistaken in their methods as to be rather worse than none. In China doctors are four-fifths or more a superstition. Even doctors in this modern country are considerably a superstition—perhaps two-fifths, but that leaves them a splendid margin of usefulness.

Doctors are not held so closely as

ministers are to conduct which the laity considers consistent with their calling. They live rather more unwisely than average intelligent people, working themselves to death when need calls in precisely the fashion that they reprove in their patients. Almost all doctors agree that alcohol does people no good, but it is very unusual to find a doctor who is a teetotaler. That may be because they recognize that entertainment is conducive to well-being, or perhaps because they know instinctively that the errand one runs here is not so much the pursuit of health as of life, and that life goes more agreeably for timely relaxation of its tension.

When a community has no doctor it gets one as soon as possible—a good one if it can; if not, a bad one. It needs at times the moral support of some one who professes to know what to do for a sick person. Doctors, of course, are with us to stay. The faith-healers will not run them out of business, neither will they run themselves out of business by abolishing disease. But they will not take over the whole task of regulating the world. Intelligent as they are, very intelligent indeed, as some of them are, they are no more fit than other specialists to be the masters of life. They are servants, great servants, of the human race, and worthy of their hire, but they are better servants by what they add to knowledge and by what knowledge they diffuse than by contribution of over-many statutory rules to regulate behavior.

E. S. Martin.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Always Is It Thus

To buy her presents his cash is spent,
And her words of thanks were sweeter
than honey,
But when he had squandered his last red
cent
She married a youth who saved his
money. —*London Globe.*

Comfort Without Extravagance Hotel Woodstock, New York

Two Meanings

The different meanings that a simple turn of expression can give a word are often curious and sometimes amusing. An anecdote of Charles Lamb, the famous English author, illustrates this very pleasantly.

On a wet, miserable, foggy day, in London, he was accosted by a beggar with:

"Please, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute woman. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day, even for London."

A similar illustration is of the man who saw some mischievous boys carrying off fruit from his orchard.

"What are you about?" he called, lustily.

"About 'going!'" called one of them, as the marauders disappeared over the fence.—*Youth's Companion.*



DIARY February 17, 1817.

"Mine Host always knows what to bring when Tom and I sit at his table. He puts on his best 'Mine Host' smile—and brings in good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years."

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A Grand Stove

A Georgia woman who had moved to Philadelphia found that she could not be contented without the colored mammy who had been her servant for many years. She sent for mammy, who arrived on the very day that her mistress had to leave town.

Before departing, the lady had only time to explain to mammy some of the modern conveniences with which her apartment was furnished.

The gas stove interested the colored woman most. After the mistress of the household had lighted the oven, the broiler and the other burners, and felt certain that the old servant understood the stove, she hurried for her train.

She was absent two weeks, and on her return one of her first questions to mammy was how she had got along.

"I got along fine, Miss Flo'ence; didn't have no trouble at all," was the reply. "And dat air gas stove—my! my! dat's sho the best stove dey is made. Why, do you know, Miss Flo'ence, dat fire you lighted ain't gone out yit!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Taken At His Word

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawnmower about, and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Some day," cried the outraged poet, "you editors will fight for my work."

"All right," sighed the editor, resignedly, "but if I lose I'll be just as happy."

—*Concord News.*



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Rhymed Reviews

The Duchess of Wrex

(By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Co.)

IN spots, Her Highness Most Serene
Concerning whom this tale is
written,
Suggests a late-lamented Queen
Who seemed to rule the realm of
Britain.

An invalid of haughty airs,
She bossed her children, stern and
jealous;
And people said she ran Affairs—
But how, the Author doesn't tell us.

At all events she ruled her set,
Despising leaders demagogic;
And yet, to quote a phrase I've met,
Her force was merely psychologic.

This Duchess held in special hate
Her two descendants—little wonder,
For Francis wasn't always straight
And Rachel wouldn't knuckle under.

The Duchess worked a crafty plan
And made Miss Rachel marry
Roddy,
Her Grace's only pet young man,
A fairly decent sort of body.

But Roddy let his fancy stray;
And Rachel, acting mighty queerly,
Was just about to run away
With Cousin Frank, who loved her
dearly,

When Roddy tumbled off a horse;
His lower limbs were quite disabled;
So Rachel's plans for flight, of course,
Were permanently quashed or tabled.

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Schlitz cannot cause
biliousness.

It cannot cause stomach
or liver trouble.

Pure beer is healthful
food—decayed food is
not healthful.

Any beer in light bottles is
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should risk taking tainted
food into the stomach.

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Order a Case
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Cincinnati, Ohio.

ODO-RO-NO
THE TOILET WATER FOR
EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

The bad old Duchess thereupon
Sat down by Roddy's couch and
hinted
That Frank's and Rachel's goings-on
Would make a pleasant tale if
printed.

But Rachel put the matter right
And pulled that fly from Roddy's
ointment;

Then, having fought a losing fight,
The Duchess died of disappoint-
ment.

And there's your Happy Ending,
though

There are not any other weddings.—
A clever tale, if somewhat slow,
With aptly quoted chapter headings.
Arthur Guiterman.

If you use ordinary grease and oil in your car and forget to look after them—*Good Night!*

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you put in at rare intervals and forget them altogether.

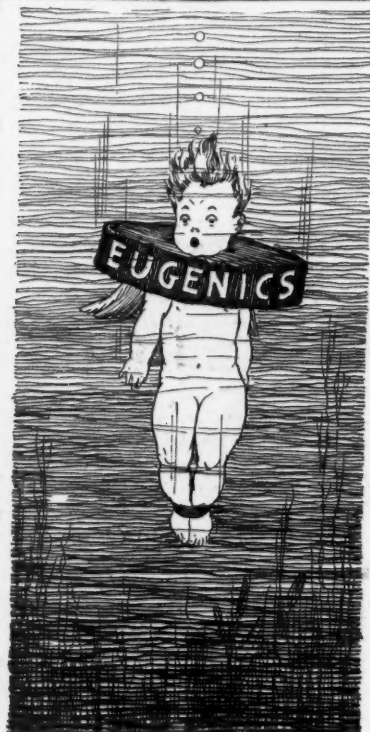
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—ELLISON HOOVER

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Memory

MEMORY is that faculty of the mind which enables us to know that we have forgotten something. Without memory there would be no history; hence no fiction.

Memory furnishes the only background for liars that is needed. It enables many people to labor under the continuous illusion that there is a past, when, in reality, there is nothing but a present.

Without memory there would be no worry, because worry is fear for the future, based on recollection of what has happened—usually to some one else.

Memory enables us to store our minds with useful facts—until they are proved to be wrong by other useful facts which in turn take their place.

A new Paris model from

VOGUE

Dated August 1st

THE Paris editor describes this smart new model: "The prettiest frock of the season, one of the velvet basque models, was worn at a small garden party in the Bois. The wrinkled basque of black velvet hooked invisibly in the back, and in front opened at the neck in a very pleasing way.

"The underskirt of black satin was veiled by a mist of sheer white tulle in three tunics. A black velvet *canotier* devoid of trimming and a parasol of King's blue velvet added indescribable chic to this costume."

MODELS of this exceedingly smart *moyen age* type, selected from the best designers, appear regularly twice a month in Vogue; and also scores of more conservative designs, many of which are reproduced in pattern form.



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("And all who told it added something
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And all who heard it made enlarge-
ments, too.")

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(Why sea captains go mad.)

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